Moore, Charlle R Moore, Crawford (Moore, Haywood Morris, Chas Morris, John P Morris, Patrick Mortimer, Thos Mortimer, W A Mosely, James

Mosely, James
Motyka, Joseph L
Moyer, E C
Mulady, C C
Mulford, John C

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Drummer, Robert Duffy, J



CHAPTER III.

Idris Redivivus. "Ivar has been at home two months, yet we have had no visit from him." The speaker was Godfrey Rothwell, and the scene the breakfast room of his villa,

Wave Crest. "Why should he visit us?" asked Beatrice "Ahem! as a suitor for your hand, in compliance with his father's wish."

"Ivar had better not insult me by such an "An offer of marriage can scarcely be

called an insult, Trixie." "It would be-from him," returned Beatrice with a heightened color. "I speak what I know." she added oracularly.

She began to pour out the coffee, while Godfrey, somewhat puzzled by her words, turned to the letters awaiting him. No sooner had he glanced at the handwriting on the envelope of the first than he gave a great start. "Heavens! have the dead returned to

He hastily broke the seal and ran his eye over the letter, while the mystified Beatrice awaited the explanation of his "From my old college friend, Idris Mar-

"What?" cried Beatrice, with a little scream of surprise. "Is he not dead, then? Did he escape the fire?" That's self-evident. There has been He

a dreadful mistake somewhere. He will prove that he is alive by paying us a visit. In fact, he will be here this very morning. Well, this is a surprise! 'More-a pleasure," added his sister. Beatrice had never seen Idris, but she had

of ormshy and had received by return of Ormsby, and had received by return of post a handsome check. The memory of this event was still fresh in her mind, and she was desirous of showing her gratitude to her brother's benefactor. "He signs himself 'Breakspear,' I see," she said, glancing at the signature of Idris.

"Yes; he has dropped the name of Mar-ville, and has taken his mother's maiden It is easy to guess his reason. True to the promise contained in his let-ter Idris arrived that same morning, and Beatrice took a good view of him from behind the curtain of her bed room window, as he strode up the garden path accompa-

nied by Godfrey. Twenty-three years had passed since that memorable night at Quilaix, and Idris was now verging upon thirty-dark-eyed, hand-some, athletic, with a face bronzed by southern suns. His appearance impressed Beatrice favorably.

There is nothing mean or ignoble about him." she murmured. The first greetings being ended, Idris sat down to a pleasant luncheon, presided over

Your name has been so often on Godfrey's lips," she said, "that you seem quite like an old friend, though I never thought to see you after the announcement of your death in the newspapers."

"Perhaps I have done wrong in letting of the Hotel de l'Univers. At the time of the fire I was at the opera house. On leaving I found the boulevards ringing with the news. I bought a newspaper and discovered my own name erroneously inserted among the list of victims. I resolved not to set the mistake right, for it suddenly occurred to me that here was a convenient opportunity to die-to the world. Wherever I went the name Marville recalled my father's crime, or rather, supposed crime. 'Let the world think that Eric Marville's son is dead,' I thought, 'and let him begin life anew, and under a different name.' " "Was the yacht Nemesis, in which your father escaped, never heard of again?

asked Godfrey.
"It vanished, leaving not a trace behind." "Strange! The news of your father's escape, together with a description of the delinquent vessel, would be telegraphed to all civilized countries. Every ocean steamer, every seaport, would be on the watch for the yacht, and yet you say it was never

seen again."
"Its disappearance shows how well Captain Rochefort had devised his plans," Idris

answered. "Since your father did not communicate with you, his only son, it follows, almost as a matter of course, that he did not com-municate with his more distant relatives?" "His relatives, if he had any, are un-known to me; in fact, I am quite in the dark as to my father's antecedents. Among all his papers there was not one letter relating to his kinsfolk, nor any clue whatever to indicate his history prior to his set-

tling at Nantes in 1866." English born? Because if so, his name, and date and place of birth, together with his parents' names, should be among the records of Somerset House." "I have tried Somerset House, and have

traced several Eric Marvilles, some living and some dead, but none of them could I identify as my father. I am sometimes dis-posed to believe that Marville was not his real name, but one assumed by him on settling at Nantes." "Cannot your mother's relatives give you

They, too, are ignorant of my father's My mother was an English governess at Nantes when she first met my father. A few months after her marriage the death of an aunt endowed her with an ample fortune, a fortune which has devolved upon me."

"If twenty-three years have passed since your father was last heard of," said Beatrice, "do you not think that the probabilities point to his death? He must be dead." she added. "He would not be so un-

fatherly as not to communicate with you "That is my opinion—at times; and at other times I think he is still living, but resolved, from some mistaken notion of honor, to ignore me until he can give me

the heritage of a fair name." "If he is alive," continued Beatrice, "he has perhaps married again, and has children, and, though it sounds harsh to say It, other and new interests which your appearance on the scene might embarrass."

This was a bitter thought, but by no meens new to Idris. "I trust I am not offending you by the question," observed Godfrey, "but do you really, in your heart of hearts, believe that

your father was innocent?" "There, the torture. My mother was firmly convinced of his innocence, and only an hour or two before her death, as if gifted with prevision, she did her best to impress me with her belief; nay, more, she made me take an oath that I would, on attaining manhood, use all my endeavors to clear my father's name. Yet the thought often strik me that I am nursing an illusion in thinking him innocent. Who am I that I should set

up my opinion against that of the judge, the jury and the press?"

"And the masked man who stole the runic ring—what of him?" Godfrey asked.

"He, too, is a person who has eluded all my inquiries. And small wonder! Had I been a man at the time when these events happened, instead of a boy of seven, my investigations, begun at once, might have met with success, whereas the long lapse of years has handicapped my efforts. And yet, anciful as it may sound to you. Godfrey. I am not without hope, even at this late day, of finding my father, and of vindicat-

ing his innocence. At any rate, this is the object to which my life is devoted, and from which I shall never swerve."

And Idris, having satisfied the curiosity of his friends on various other points, immaterial in themselves, dropped the subject,

and the conversation flowed into other

old Saxon church on the hill-top, and Ravenhall-Lord Ormsby's seat."
"I think I'll take a stroll toward the old Saxon church," said Idris, who was simple

in his tastes, and easily pleased.
"I have to pass that way," Beatrice said, "and if you care to accompany me—"
Idris, who found Beatrice's soft gray eyes very attractive, readily accepted her offer, and after a pleasant walk of half an hour, the two reached the ancient church of the Northumbrian saint, Oswald.
"This," said Beatrice, as they passed

"This," said Beatrice, as they passed through an arched doorway and stood within the subdued light cast by the stained glass, "this is the Ravengar Chantry."

"A sort of oratory and burial place of the Ravengars?"

"Yes. These monumental brasses are the tombs of my ancestors, that is, of those who antedated the restoration; those who who antedated the restoration; those who lived after that time are interred in the private crypt at Ravenhall. For you must know— Ah, listen!" she said, breaking off abruptly. "Some one is playing the organ." "And playing with a masterly touch, too," remarked Idris, after a brief interval of lis-"Who can it be?" murmured Beatrice.

"Our own organist is not capable of such music. She was about to advance on tiptoe from the transept to the nave in order to obtain a view of the organ loft, but Idris gently checked her. "Stay a moment. If we show ourselves we may disconcert the musician and put an

atrice. "What does it mean?"
"It is Paul Warnefrid's "History of the Lombards," a book you'll scarcely meet with once in a lifetime. Quite a thrilling work, no doubt, to antiquaries of the dry-as-dust order, but I cannot imagine a lady taking to this style of literature. To begin with, it's all in Latin; evidently she understands that language." end to his playing."

He sat down on a stone seat in the transept. Beatrice followed his example; and for several minutes they listened in silence, entranced by the sweet and noble strains flowing from the organ loft.

Then, gradually, a peculiar change came over the spirit of the music.

"Ah! what an eerie strain!" murmured stands that language."
"Perhaps the book does not belong to Mademoiselle Riviere."

Beatrice, a shiver passing over her. Idris, too, found himself curiously affected. Becoming oblivious of external things, yielding himself entirely to the influence of the music, he essayed to enter into the spirit and meaning of the piece. Those solemn rhythmic cadences that thrilled him with a melancholy awe could be interpreted only as a funeral march. At intervals there pealed from the organ shivering, staccato notes, like the heart sobs of those who "keen" for the dead, succeeded by a mournful, stately measure, as if the cold voice of fate were declaring that death must be endured as the common lot of all. The very soul of grief was voiced in those notes, which, lofty and sad, mysterious as the moonlight, seemed to weep as they kissed the cold stones of the chantry. During the dream-like spell induced by

the weird character of the requiem Idris suddenly became subject to a very strange feeling, the like of which he had never be-fore known. Vivid as fire on a dark night there came upon him the startling convic-tion that this was not his first visit to the church of St. Oswald. He had been in this chantry in time past; he had seen these monumental brasses before; that funeral march was a familiar air. The interior of the edifice was as the face of an old friend | ago! who has not been seen for years.

He was sitting in a part of the transept

from which it was impossible for him to view the opposite ends of the nave, unless he possessed the power of being able to see around a distant corner; yet, directing his mental eye toward the interior of the church, he could see the chancel window at its eastern end, and the hexagonal font by the western porch.

He felt that he could find his way about the building without once stumbling, even though it were wrapped in the gloom of night. Every part of it, from the belfry tower above to the crypt below, was familiar

With a solemn long-drawn-out diminuendo the music ceased. Shivering like one roused from a sleep upon the cold ground, Idris started from his reverle, to find Beatrice regarding him with a curlous, half-frightened look. "A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Break-

spear. I have spoken to you three times, and you have given me no answer. Have you seen a ghost? You look quite 'fey,' as "I have been subjected to a very singular

experience," Idris answered, looking around with a perplexed air. "Till today i have never set foot in Ormsby. Yet I know this church, know it as well as I know my chambers in the Albany. Now, tell me, does not the chancel window contain three divisions?"
Beatrice murmured an affirmative, seeing

nothing wonderful in Idris' remark, inas-much as chancel windows usually contain three divisions. "And in the central pane is painted the Madonna, treading upon the Old Dragon, with the Holy Child in her arms?"

Beatrice, beginning to be surprised, said that this was correct. "The right-hand pane represents King Oswald setting up the cross as his standard for battle, while on the left portrays him at

his palace gate, distributing his gold and silver plate among the poor."
"Yes. How do you know, if you have never been here before?" Beatrice burst forth, her amazement increasing as Idris proceeded to enumerate other details. "Mr. Breakspear, you must have been

here before!" "Never! I solemnly assure you; at least, not in the body." He walked toward the head of an oblong marble sepulcher, surmounted by the gilt

effigy of a crusading Ravenger, lying in cross-legged repose. "Mark me," he said, turning to Beatrice,
"I shall find on the other side of this tomb a circular hole large enough to admit my hand.

At the foot of the stone knight was sculptured the heraldic shield of the Rayengars, much defaced, and crumbling with age; in the first quartering of which was a round orifice of sufficient dimensions to admit the insertion of Idris' hand. "What do you say to this?" he asked of Beatrice, who had followed him to the

But Beatrice, full of wonderment, could say nothing.
"I have a distinct remembrance of placing my hand here in days gone by." Idris continued. "Yes, I have been in this church before; I am as certain of that as I am of my own existence. But how? There's the puzzle. Not in the body, for my life has been passed at a distance from Ormsby. How then? Has the knowledge been imparted to me in a dream? Or is it a fact that during sleep the spirit of man may visit distant places? Or was old Pythagoras right in asserting that we have all had a previous existence? Am I a reincar-

nation of one who was familiar with this place in time past? Miss Ravengar, how is one to explain this psychological puzzie?"

Beatrice's reply was checked by a light footfall. A young lady, attired in a soft clinging dress of muslin, was coming slowly toward the chantry. Idris looked up and met her eyes, eyes of a dark, tender violet. One glance, and then

—and then—

If he had been previously required to write an essay on love, that essay would have run on the lines that love, to be sin-cere and lasting, must be grounded on the esteem that a man and a woman have for each other's good qualities; that love there-fore must be the product of time; and that, consequently, genuine love at first sight is

He thought differently now, as he gazed upon a face fairer than any he had ever seen; so pure the spirit breathing from it that, like the face of a Madonna upon a cathedral window, it seemed hallowed by a light coming from beyond. If, in the language of the mystic, a'l

beauty be a manifestation of the Divinity, is it any marvel that Idris, as he stood mute and motionless, should have felt an awe, a sense of adoration, stealing over As the young lady drew near she acknowledged Beatrice's presence with an in-

clination of her head, an action to which Beatrice responded with a frigid air, an air that seemed to trouble the other, for

the subject. Beatrice, seeing Idris' interest in the stranger, proceeded to enlighten him so far as she was able.

"Mademoiselle Riviere is a lady, apparently of independent means. She came to Complete a lady, apparently of independent means. She came to Complete a lady, apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady, apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means are complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means are complete a lady apparently of independent means. She came to complete a lady apparently of independent means are complete a lady apparently of independen ently of independent means. She came to Ormsby about four months ago, taking for her residence The Cedars, a villa on the North road. She lives a quiet and secluded life. Her name indicates French nationality, but beyond that fact no one knows anything of her origin and antecedents. Godfrey once attended her professionally, and she impressed him as being a lady of

and she impressed him as being a lady of birth and refinement; but," added Beatrice,

compressing her lips, "I do not like her."

The tone in which she delivered herself

of this last sentiment somewhat vexed Idris, but whatever might be the cause of

her dislike, he felt that it did not originate from jealousy of the stranger's beauty.

Beatrice was too high-minded to be actu-ated by so paltry a motive. For his own

part he could not associate anything bad with the sad grave eyes of Lorelie Riviere. Beatrice, in her judgment of the other's character, must surely be the victim of

some misapprehension.
"But-but-was she the musician?" he

"It seems so," replied Beatrice, moving

into the nave. "There is no one in the organ loft now. But here comes the boy who blows. He will tell us. Roger, was it

Mademoiselle Riviere who was playing just

The lad gave an affirmative nod, and ex-

hibited with pleasure the coin he had re-

received as a fee.
"Comes here often," he said. "Calls at

our cottage when she wants me to blow."

Idris was silent, marveling that one so

bound in vellum and gold, and was much surprised at the title.

'Paulus Diaconus de Gestis Langobardor.'' he read aloud.

"What a dreadful title!" murmured Be-

"The margin of almost every page con-

ously the remarks of one who understands the work. She seems to have been a dili-

gent student," continued Idris, observing

the numerous annotations. "Ah! what is this? "The Fatal Skull! written across the

title page. On other pages are the initials 'F. S.,' presumably standing for the same words, 'Fatal Skull.' See here, 'F. S.,' and here again, 'F. S.'."

derment. "What is meant by that?" At Beatrice's request Idris translated

some of the passages marked with the letters "F. S.," but he failed to grasp their significance, there being no connection whatever between a skull and the subject matter of the paragraph. Then, becoming

conscious that it was an unchivalrous pro

he was on the point of closing it, when his

eye was caught by the following words written upon the fly leaf:

Lorelie Riviere, 16, Place Graslin,

Nantes,
"16, Place Graslin?" murmured Idris in

great surprise. "Heavens! It was before the door of 16, Place Graslin, that M. Du-

chesne was murdered twenty-seven years

(To be continued Monday.)

New England's Water Power.

When Niagara Falls was first tapped to

was a revelation to the world of the pos-

less exist as long as legislatures are merce-

nary, the history of electrical operations at Niagara has furnished a great and sug-

gestive object lesson for the rest of the country. If a great water power can serve

such a wide expanse of populous territory as the figures show could be done in this

case, then smaller streams with sufficient

limited territories, and there is now a stronger tendency than has ever been man-

descent can render a similar service to more

ifested before to develop that idea even in

the most obscure quarters.

Another great power center has now been

established in Pennsylvania, where the falls of the Susquehanna river, near York, have

been put in shape to meet the needs of a wide stretch of country at a cost of

\$2,000.000. The electricity generated at this

point will be distributed to a large number

of towns and cities, of which Philadelphia will very likely be one. Another large plant at Spier Falls on the upper Hudson

has been established and is serving a large and widely scattered population in all those

respects that the larger developments of our modern civilization demand.

But even the great plants are not so sig-nificant of the vast expansion of the water

power of the country as the multiplicity of smaller plants actual and projected in

places that have apparently become deca-dent, but need only the touch of this new force to awaken them to new life. There

are hundreds of streams in New England, and we have in mind several such in Mas-

ago furnished power for all sorts of small

forth. In the last two or three decades these enterprises have gone by the board,

swallowed up in the absorptions of their

streams remain, awaiting new uses which

scem to be suggested by the service we are considering.

The central purpose of almost all inven-

tion is the increase or multiplication of power and the development of electrical

force and its practical application performs that office for the streams of New England.

Once their power at a given point was only sufficient to run a single mill, and that fre-

quently not very large; but now working through electric engines they can light the

streets of towns, propel their cars and supply power for almost any number and

variety of industries that may be desired

As water power is cheaper than steam

power, many a venture that would other

prosperous manufactories - woolen , paper mills, cutlery works, and so

sachusetts and Connecticut, that fifty

business by the large centers.

From the Boston Transcript.

ceeding to pry into an absent lady's

"The Fatal Skull!" said Beatrice in won-

"The Fatal Skull,' written across the

tains notes in a lady's handwriting-

"What does it mean?"

asked.

atrice.

into the nave.

Take Their Meals Leisurely and in Courses.

APPETIZING DISHES GREAT CARE USED IN COOKING AND SERVING

Result is That Dyspepsia is Almost Unknown-What a Good Dinner Costs.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

PARIS, September 5, 1904. We watched a middle-class Parisian family enjoying its Sunday outing dinner in one of the celebrated Daval restaurants. They refused themselves nothing; yet we Americans were struck.

young should play with a touch so masterly; marveling still more that her music should have wrought upon him an impres-"Look at them eat bread!" "Look how they water their wine!" "Look how they fill up on salad!" He moved around the church with Beat-ice, and then mounted the stairs leading to the gallery, feigning to be interested in With a hundred good things before them

and money in plenty to pay, the Parisian what he saw, in reality seeing nothing but the beautiful face of Lorelle Riviere.

On the seat fronting the organ was a book, left behind probably by an oversight. Idris lifted the volume, a handsome one, beautiful and was much family found its old established habits strong All their lives at home they had filled up on bread and cheese and salad and water

mixed with wine.

Paris is unique, I think, in possessing cheap restaurants that serve refined, wholesome, dainty meals. In all their calculations their proprietors take account of the filling up habit; therefore just as bread, cheese, salad and watered wine are at the base of Parisian family feeding, so they form a kind of key to the unlocking of the Parisian cheap restaurant mystery.
The Duval restaurants are marvels. What might they not do in America, with our cheap meats and wealth of fish and fruits

They were founded by a Paris butcher of the name, who saw an opportunity to make | pass us; their other meats are lacking in

more luxurious and brilliant toan that of the Duvals, with higher cellings and more elbow room; and each particular branch keeps to its ancient menus and its ancient prices.

Cooking With Butter. They differ from the Duvals, also, in a

technical detail. The Duvals have, properly, the "cusine au beurre." This means that butter is always used instead of lard or other grease; and that everything that can be cooked with butter is so cooked. For example, nearly all vegetables, the English vegetable merely boiled in water never appears. Vegetables thus carefully cooked form courses by themselves. They are worthy of it. For meats it does not mean worthy of it. For meats it does not mean frying—though some of their grills, from the wealth of butter-drip mixed with chopped parsley forming their sauce, might, at first glance, appear so. Sauces, though they exist daintily, do not pass a certain prominence; and concocted dishes seldom appear. It is rich plain cooking as the French understand it

derstand it. . The Bouillon restaurants soar higher in the direction of made-dishes. The Duvals' meats are "garnished;" roast veal is 10 cents—garnished with a dab of spinach, it is 12 cents—2 cents more. The Bouillons will give you a hot tart-crust filled up with mashed (cooked) chestnuts fortified with meat stock. Over this is placed, like the lid of a pot, a tiny, thin tenderloin steak.

of a pot, a tiny, thin tenderloin steak.

The Bouillon prices are a bit higher than the Duvals'. Here is a sample dinner:

Potage Dubarry (puree of cauliflower with croutons), 8 cents; cassoulet a la Toulousaine (tame duck slowly baked with bacon, white wine, white beans and sliced red sausage, in a little earthen pot), 16 cents; tomatoes stuffed with forcemeat, 12 cents; three small stowed pages 10 cents: cents; tomatoes stuffed with forcemeat, 12 cents; three small stewed pears, 10 cents; one-half bottle of red wine of Touraine, brick tinted, astringent, with a beginning of a suspicion of a bouquet, 30 cents; cloth and napkin, 4 cents; bread at discretion; tip 10 cents. Total 90 cents.

Secret of Excellence.

Of course, all depends on how the things are cooked. Habitual painstaking-the French cook is slow and has lots of help-is the real secret of this excellence; for raw material is expensive and comes wholesale in varying qualities according to price. In Bulwer-Lytton's "Pelham"-a work containing many keen observations on French feeding-this truth is laid down:

"It is only in their veal the French sur-



HE GOBBED HIS CHOP.

an extra profit on his meat. He had four other ideas: (1) To cut away all superflous expense; (2) to prevent his employes wasting and rob-bing; (3) to give the smallest possible por-tions in return for the privilege of letting the Parislans fill up on bread, soup, cheese and watered wine; (4) and to make up for furnish electric light and power for all sorts of purposes many miles around, it sibilities in the practical application of the the new force, and so strongly did it appeal to cooking and the best material.

the practical not to say the greedy side of society, that there has been great diffigures running down its art with rows of of society, that there has been great difficulty in preventing the destruction of the cataract as one of nature's wonders, and making it simply a source of power for the benefit of a monopoly. But while there has been danger that proper bounds might be

Everything Charged For.

Every dish brought to you is marked in this way the moment it is served you, so that you can see how the bill is mounting up. These cards are operated so as to form a check not only on the kitchen and waiters, but on the cashier as well. The waiters do not touch your money-you pay at the cashler's desk as you go out.

The Duvals are neat, but a trifle bare in furniture. The small, marble-topped tables are huddled rather together. In most of the Duvals you eat from the marble-tops without a cloth—a cloth costs 1 cent extra.

If you ask for sugar with your apple tart the girl will bring you two spoonfulsand mark an extra cent on your card. Today these Duval restaurants have gone into the hands of a company with millions of stock, and it is amusing to note how the

shares fluctuate month in, month out, according to the animation of the capital, the presence of many strangers and the state of the provision market. In the narrow gamut of their dishes you will get in these cheap restaurants almost as careful cooking as anywhere in Paris. Their drawbacks are crowding, a certain sameness in the dishes from month to

month and the lack of that serenity which marks the highest chic. paid by the establishment, but also they

The Duval waiter girls not only are not



French Cooks Are Slow.

must hand in a percentage of their tlps. Therefore they strive to please the customer. They know that a half-unsatisfactory dish means serious annoyance to the man who pays for it. "Bring me a blanquette of veal."
"But yes, monsieur," her voice says, while her head shakes "No." It means (to

the steady customer) "the yeal stew is not at its best today." You can always tell when the Duvals have killed a calf. I have counted nine different preparations of yeal among the entrees of one lunch card.

Cheap, but Good. For sure their bills of fare are artfully constructed. A small, but really good

son costs the same. A SO A heavy lunch at one of these Duvals but not so heavy as it might appear, because the portions are so small) would cost like this:

Olives and butter. 8 cents: grilled fresh \$1.17.
This is an expensive blowout. Cut off the

the ruby juices and elastic freshness of our It is as true today as it was sixty years ago. The French value veal because it yields itself to so many different preparations. In England its only use seems to be

as a sort of alloy in the fabrication of porkand-ham pies.
When "Pelham" was at Calais, dining with the exiled Lord Gulloseton, the latter spoke with British feeling about the French

mutton-chop:
"The first time I ordered a chop I "The first time I ordered a chop I thought I had explained every necessary particular—a certain portion of fiesh and a gridiron. At 7 o'clock up came a breaded cutiet! I swallowed the composition, drowned as it was in a most pernicious sauce. The next day I imagined no mistake could be made; sauce was prohibited and all extra ingredients. The cover was removed, and lo! a breast of mutton! I sat down and went!" wept!"

Pertinent Observations. He might weep yet today. French mutton chops are often delicate and tender, but they do lack the "ruby juice" and the "elastic freshness" of the English and American article. The French mutton chop is rather like the French young girl-tender and colorless, taking much of its character and

flavor from its decoration. There is nevertheless still another pertinent observation to make. Why did Lord Gulloseton kick against the breaded cutlet? Because it might cause

dyspepsia?

No, it seems obvious, Lord Gulloseton feared the breaded cutlet because he had dyspepsia already! Dyspepsia due to his own English plain cooking. Dyspepsia is almost unknown in France! Why?

Look around the cheap restaurant. See the pleasant-faced, middle-aged business man complimenting the little blonde waiter girl between courses? Is he thinking of his business? Is he even thinking of his food? No, he is making goo-goo eyes.

Look at the lawyer with his severe mutton-chop side-whiskers clipped in the legal way. His second course did not please him.

asking the maitre-d'hotel why and wherefore. Look at the stout curbstone-broker gobbing his chop—a breaded one. He gobs it alone. When it is gobbed he will have an order of sweet peas cooked with tiny

What one thing have they all in common? It is this: They eat even their lunch in courses! Even in these cheap restaurants eating is made decorative and leisurely.

STERLING HEILIG.

Men and Manners. From the St. James Gazette.

Manners in parliament do not appear to take a more mellow tone as this young century advances. The exchanges between the ministerial and opposition benches this week have not been at all complimentary, and Americans suggest that we are losing our old courtliness. But we need not be discomfited by criticism from that quarter. There are some things in this eld island which our hustling cousins cannot better. Parliamentary procedure is one. One does not include for comparison the little scenes in which members throw themselves on the floor and invite the aid of the policeman. But taking a normal day in the house, the old folks at home in their Witenagemot compare more than favorably with the lords at Washington, when the latter are quite at their best. Sir Carne Rasch would have an agonizing time of it there listen-

ing to speeches columns in length, all printed beforehand, ready for circulation mong members' constituencies. What would happen if, during a debate What would happen if, during a debate at Westminster, Lord Spencer, say, came into the house of commons, espied Mr. Balfour upon his feet, popped into the peas will cost the same.

A ham omelette comes to 14 cents; a bunch of common white grapes in full season wests the same was a supplementation. Well, that would only accord with the traditions of Washington. Members of the two chambers may go into either house, and, if a seat be vacant, take it. Sir Stafford Northcote, taken in to see the glory of the American legislative machine in full operation, was staggered to see a member of one house come in and slip into the seat of a member who was speaking. Peering up into the face of the Olives and butter. 8 cents: grilled fresh mackerel, 12 cents: puree of potatoes, 6 cents; quarter of a roast chicken (wing), 25 cents; little peas, 12 cents; celery salad, 8 cents; camembert cheese, 5 cents; bunch of white grapes, 14 cents; one-half bottle of fair white Burgundy or Bordeaux wine (or red), 17 cents; cloth and napkin, 3 cents; bread, 2 cents; fee, 5 cents. Total, \$1.17.

This is an expensive blowout. Cut off the grapes and the wine (there is a "carafon" of white or red "vin ordinates" at A cents.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is a list of advertised letters remaining in the Washington (D. C.) Post-Office Saturday, September 17, 1904.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant should call for "Advertised Letters."

If not called for within two (2) weeks they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office: LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Miss Ester
Alexander, Miss Josie M. Linzey, Miss Parthenie
Anderson, Mrs Ida B
Anderson, Mrs Idazie
Anderson, Mrs Maria
Anderson, Miss Mary L
Arsion, Miss Mary L
Arsion, Miss Mary L
Arsion, Miss Miss Miss
Baire, Mrs Aifred
Thornton
Baldwin, Miss Edith
Bae, Katle B
Banks, Mrs Katie
Banks, Mrs Rose
Barnett, Mrs Amelia
Barkerville, Miss Francis McGuire, Miss Mamle Banks, Mrs Rose
Barnett, Mrs Amelia
Barkerville, Miss Francis
Baston, Miss Laura
Beall, Mrs Allee
Beall, Mrs Allee
Beall, Mrs Charlie
Bell, Mrs Sanes
Bell, Mrs Sanes
Bell, Mrs Sophie
Blanchard, Miss Bertha
Bogan, Mrs Leana
Borland, Mrs Maria C
Bower, Miss Bessie
Bower, Mrs C A
Bowles, Mrs Legare H
Branch, Miss Nannie
Brasfield, Mrs G M
Britt, Mrs Mary L
Broadus, Miss Carry
Brooks, Mrs Pauline
Brooks, Mrs Pauline
Brooks, Miss Suate
Brown, Miss Carrie
Brown, Miss Margaret
Brown, Miss Margaret
Brown, Miss Minnie
Brown, Miss Minnie
Brown, Miss Minnie
Brown, Miss Minnie
Brown, Miss Rmma
Burnette, Miss Prisella
Bussing, Mrs E E
Butcher, Mrs Annie McNeally, Miss Elsie Mahonier, Mrs S Malone, Miss Bea Manning, Miss Helen F Marks, Miss Rens Marrow, Miss Mamie Marshall, Mrs Bessie Marshall, Miss Mary Marton, Mrs Anna Masion, Mrs Fannie Mason, Miss Mary Massey, Mrs Beil Mathews, Mrs Florena Matthewson, Miss Ida Maxwell, Mrs Lida Mathews, Mrs Florena
Matthewson, Miss Ida
Maxwell, Mrs Lida
May, Miss Ada
Mays, Mrs Mabel
Merrick, Miss Florence
Merrick, Miss Florence
Merrick, Miss Florence
Merritt, Miss Kilsaboth L
Merritt, Miss Missaboth L
Merritt, Miss Mary
Miller, Miss Agnes
Mimes, Mrs Rebecca
Mimes, Mrs Rebecca
Mimos, Mrs B J
Mitchell, Mrs Marlon
Mitchell, Mrs Sualy
Mondy, Miss C R Bussing, Mrs E E Butcher, Mrs Annie Butler, Mrs W H Carr, Miss Mary C Mondy, Miss C R

Mondy, Miss C R
Montgomery, Mrs Rosino
Montague, Mrs D P
Moore, Miss Anna
Moore, Miss H
Moore, Miss H
Moore, Miss Lncy F
Murray, Miss Long
Myers, Miss R M
Nails, Miss R M
Neidacker, Mrs Chas Carter, Miss Mary C Carter, Bessie Carter, Miss Jeanette Carter, Miss Lindy Casson, Miss Beth Cave, Miss Mary Chaney, Mrs Hester Chase, Mrs Matilda Chisholm, Mrs Lele Nalls, Miss R M Neidacker, Mrs Chas Neuebaumer, Miss Emms Newman, Miss Gertio Newsome, Miss Filly Newton, Miss M E Chisholm, Mrs Lula Clark, Miss Ethel A Clarke, Miss Blanche I Clarkson, Miss B Clement, Miss Adele Clement, Mrs Lillian Cohen Mrs Lillian Newton, Miss M E
Norton, Mrs Zelphia
Nyman, Mrs Ered D
O'Brien, Mrs E F
O'Dea, Miss Annie M
Oliver, Mrs Molile
O'Neill, Miss Laura
Otten, Mrs Susan Tracy
Palon Miss Eya Johen, Mrs Alice Cohen, Mrs Alice
Coleman, Miss Lula
Collins, Miss Clara C
Combs, Mrs E A
Conard, Mrs Agnes
Conner, Miss Abbie
Coopper, Mrs Laura
Corbin, Miss Katle
Coop, Miss Lattle Paign, Miss Eva
Pain, Miss Eva
Pain, Miss Marde
Parker, Miss Dee
Parker, Miss Dee
Parker, Miss Francis P
Parker, Miss Grace Parker, Miss Lucy M Parsons, Miss Mary

Coon, Miss Lattle
Cox, Miss Lattle
Cox, Miss Lattle
Crawford, Mrs Martha
Crawley, Miss Minnle
Croffe, Miss Rosa
Cross, Mrs Martan
Crown, Miss Mardan Parker, Miss Lucy M Parsons, Miss Mary Madeleine Patterson, Miss Bert Pendleton, Miss Minnle Porlain, Miss Ida Perrine, Mrs Emma Crump, Miss Maude
Curley, Miss Lona
Custer, Mrs. Catherine
Cutler, Mrs C B
Dumis, Miss Aggle
Danson, Mrs J Lawrence Perry, Miss Susan Porter, Mrs Fannie Porter, Mrs J B, Powell, Mrs Louisa Pope, Mrs Mollie Pulip, Miss Minnie Davis, Mrs Belie Davis, Miss Golda Day, Miss Mable Day, Miss Golda
Day, Miss Mable
De Mary, Mrs Adialadia
Dennis, Mrs Janie
Dennis, Mrs L
Detwaur, Mrs Julia Har-Quinn, Miss Minnie Quinn, Miss Margaret Rairigh, Mrs W L Randolph, Miss Annie Rawlins, Miss Julia Reed, Mrs Frances Reese, Mrs Mattie Detwaur, Mrs Julia Harrison
Dickenson, Mrs M G
Dickerson, Miss Rebecca
Diggs, Miss Elia L
Dingle, Miss Ethel
Dishley, Miss Idzie
Dorsey, Mrs J Owen
Dozier, Miss Ethel
Drew, Mrs Blanche
Drummond, Katle
Duckiniider, Mrs Margle
Dunlap, Mrs Etta
Eavens, Mrs David
Edwards, Mrs Clarence
Enquist, Mrs A Frederick I
Evans, Miss E M
Evans, Miss E M
Evans, Miss E M
Evans, Miss Lena E
Fantroy, Miss Lena E
Ferguson, Mrs G O
Field, Mrs Margarete
Fisher, Mrs Harry
Fling, Miss Bessle
Foltz, Mrs P M
Everd Mrs Examus Reese, Mrs Mattie
a Reeves, Miss Daisy N
Rick, Mrs Fannie
Richardson, Mrs Nancie
Richardson, Miss Jennie
Richardson, Miss Jennie
Richardson, Miss Lillie
Rigel, Miss Frances
Rineburg, Mrs Nora
Robinson, Mrs France
Robinson, Mrs Helen
Robinson, Miss Helen
Robinson, Miss Nany
Rorger, Miss Mary
Rosignan, Miss Della (2) Roston, Miss Bessie Roston, Miss Delia (2) Rud, Mrs Elizabeth S Russell, Miss Nancy Sadler, Mrs Mary St. Clair, Mrs Mary Sanders, Mrs Clara
Scots, Mrs Clara
Scots, Annie
Seymour, Mrs Chas
Shearer, Miss Eva
Shelton, Mrs Jennie
Shepard, Mrs Malcolm
Sheriff, Miss Nelly
Simmons

Steurt, Mrs The

Simmons, Carrie
Sims, Mrs Mary
Smallwood, Miss C
Smith, Mrs Bettie
Smith, Mrs Bettie
Smith, Mrs Cora
Smith, Mrs H H
Smith, Mrs H H
Smith, Mrs M Smith, Mrs Molife
Smoots, Miss Mollye
Spilman, Mrs S C
Stanley, Mrs Lizzie
Steadman, Mrs Frank Gaff, Mrs T T Gallary, Mrs Luvinia Garber, Miss M I Garner, Mrs Martha Garner, Susie Gaston, Mrs S B Gilliss, Miss Florence

Goodwin, Miss Marion Granes, Mrs Sue Gray, Miss Katle Gray, Mrs W C Green, Miss Gertrude Green, Miss Gertrude Green. Miss Gertrude Greenlense, Mrs J I Grey, Miss Jenny Griffin, Nany Griffin, Nany Griffin, Nany

Grossim, Miss Mar Pearline Hackney, Miss Bessie Hall, Mrs Geo (2) Hall, Margaret Hall, Miss Sadie Hamilton, Miss Lena Harris, Mrs M P Hawkins, Mrs Chatt Hawley, Mrs E M

Heilbrun, Mrs L Henderson, Mrs Maria Higdon, Miss Nina Holland, Mrs Chas C Holmden, Mrs F Holmes, Mrs Blanche Henry Miss Frame Lea Hume, Mrs R A Hunter, Mrs Pintle Hawley, Miss Catharin

Tyde, Miss Lou Hyde, Miss Lou Jackson, Miss Annie Jackson, Miss Annie Jackson, Miss Marlon Jackson, Miss Marlon Jackson, Miss Marlon Jackson, Miss Rachel Jackson, Miss Hister Jamerson, Mrs S A Jennings, Miss J E Joacham, Miss Anna Johnson, Mrs C A Voltz. Mrs C G
Wachter. Mrs Janie
Wade, Miss Edna
Wade, Miss Edna
Wade, Miss Edna
Walker, Cora V
Walker, Mrs G H
Walker, Mrs Mary
Walker, Miss Minnie
Ward, Miss Sarah
Warren, Mrs O Johnson, Mrs C A
Johnson, Mrs E Elizabeth
Johnson, Miss Emily
Johnson, Miss Emily
Johnson, Mrs J B
Johnson, Mrs J B
Johnson, Mrs Martha Varren, Mrs O Warrington, Mrs Annie Washington, Miss Callie Washington, Miss Callle
Washington, Mrs Julia
Washington, Mrs V J
Webster, Mrs Frances
Webster, Mrs Marle
Wedon, Miss Sallie C
Wells, Mrs E
Wentzel, Miss C
White Miss Archella Johnson, Mrs Martha
Johnson, Mrs Obed
Jones, Miss Emma
Jones, Miss Marie
Jones, Miss Marie
Jones, Miss Martha
Jones, Miss Martha
Jones, Mrs P S
Keene, Miss Ambia
Kelley, Mrs Mattle
Kelley, Mrs R C
Kennedy, Mrs R C
Kennedy, Mrs R C
Kent, Mrs Carrie E
Kent, Mrs Carrie E
Kent, Mrs Martha
Kernan, Mrs Katharine
Kenchell, Mrs Nettle
Kirk, Miss Katle Wentzel, Miss C White, Miss Arabella White, Miss Lucy C S Wilcox, Mrs M O Wilcox, Mrs M O Wilkinson, Mrs Bessie Williams, Mrs Edna Williams, Mrs Fanule I Williams, Mrs Fanule I

Williams, Mrs Lucy Williams, Mrs Louisa Williams, Mrss Silvary Williams. M'ss Silvary
Willis, Mrs J G
Wilson, Mrs C L
Wilson, Mrs Elizabeth
Wilson, Mrs H Terrett
Wilson, Miss Mary
Winslow, Miss Maggie
Winston, Hattle
Withers, Mrs R N
Wood, Miss Agnes,
Wood, Mrs Jennie
Wood, Mrs Maria
Wood, Mrs Maria
Wood, Mrs Maria
Wood, Mrs Hattle
Woods, Mrs Hattle
Woods, Mrs Hattle
Woods, Mrs Hattle
Young, Mrs H A
Young, Miss Sarah Lamborn, Miss Helen D Landis, Mrs H D Landis, Mrs H D
Lane, Miss Sodio
Lavender, Mrs F J
Lazar, Mrs Lizzie H
Lee, Miss Frances
Lee, Miss Frances
Lee, Miss Frankle
Lee, Miss Jessie
Leeling, Miss Mary
Leonard, Mrs T T
Lewis, Mrs Annie
Lewis, Mrs Jane
Lewis, Mrs M

GENTLEMEN EMEN.
Brown, G C
Brown, Geo G
Brown, Geo H
Brown J E
Brown J E
Brown Wm H & Co
Brummel, A O
Burdy, Glen B
Burke, Harry O
Burnley, C D
Burnley, C D
Burnel, Jas
Butler, Walter
Buttler, Mat
Cammanek, J Edmund Abel, H L
Acker, Chase
Ackers, Albert
Albert, Chas H
Albright, G H
Albright, Harry
Aldrich, T H
Allen, Clyde
Allen, Wm Seward
Andrewa A R Butler, Waiter
Butler, Mat
Cammack, J Edmund J
Carpenter, Henry
Carson, J K
Carry, John
Cheales, H B
Chester, Harry
Clark, C F
Clark, J E
Clarke, B S
Cogden, Minis M
Colane, F D
Coles, Daniel
Collins, Edward
Colombo, Antonio
Colombo, J B
Condlet, C
Connor, John
Contee, Lauretta
Corbett, John
Cortes, Felix Rivera
Crostand, H H
Crowell, F D
Crowell, F D
Crowell, F E Antonio, Caverna Atchison, Leon Atchison, Leon
Bachrach, L
Backer, N
Backer, Jas
Bailey, Jno T
Bailey, O M
Bailey, Woodson
Baker, Chas
Baker & Hoggard
Baldwin, John W Bausman, Charley Beaty, Carl E Bell, H E Hellwell, Harry Berman, Max Bernstein, M Blackman, Henry

Blake, Albert Bollinger, P & Bolling, Roscoe Bommand, Daniel

Crowell, F D
Crowell, Fred D
Cartis, E W
Cushing, John
Daly, W F
Davis, E M
Davis, H
Davis, John H
Davis, Wm
Dawson, Jas A
Dean, W E
Denny, Phil

Eston, John
Edmonds, John
Egert, Fred
Emerson, H J
Endrizzi, Carlo
Entyminger, Willie
Everett, H Sidney
Faidano, Francesco
Faught, Geo M
Fanght, Maynard
Feete, Caroli
Ferrau, Serafin Sand Mulford, John C Muller, Geo E Myers, Vick Neal, J W Nikion, D R Oats, Gentle O'Donnell, John O'Nell, John Feete, Caroli Ferran, Serafin Sandoval Finley, J A Fischleds & Dalton Fisher, Charley Fisher, H Flaherty, Edmond Fletcher, W R Florence, Stlycator O'Nell, John
Ordway, Albert
Owen, W T
Page, Henry
Palano, Agostine
Parsons, Ben
Patterson, W F
Pasco, S
Paxton, Richard
Payne, Charile H
Paynter, Orange
Peacock, Jas F
Pido, Mr
Pierce, S S Co
Pierson, J W
Poist, W R
Polanco, Valentine
Posey, Alvia
Powell, Sam
Price, Mitchel
Probert, Jas Wm Florence, Sylvester Flournoy, Addison I Foster, D J Fostenner, F C Fouts, Jas Fowler, Walter Fowman, Albert M Fowman, Albert M Fry, Benjamin Gasco, Steran Galt, Herman Galt, Herman
Gantz, Wm
Gantz, Wm
Garglen, A D
Gerra, Yessidora
Getz, U P
Glacomo, Frank D
Gibson, Raynon
Gidion, Frank
Gifford, J Edwin
Gilbert, H B
Gill, Herbert
Gillum, Will
Glover, Walter
Golden, M P
Goldzier, Julius
Gooden, Rollie
Goodwin, Harold
Graham, Clarke
Granville, S
Graves, Lewis
Gray, S Probert, Jas Pulaski, I Ragonese, Agostino
Rairigh, W L
Ramsey, Chas
Randelis, Monroe
Read, Fred
Reed, F L
Reed, Henry
Reed, Wm
Reneles, Henry
Rice, A J
Richardson, F H Gray, S Grigsby, John R Grymes, Stuart Guist, Frank Guist, Frank
Guiliver, F P
Hand, W M
Haney, J H
Harbough, Carl
Harrod, Wm
Hathaway, E P D
Hawley, M R
Hayes, J S
Heywood, Walter
Heath, D C & Co
Heftin, J Tom
Heitzler, H Rice, A J Richardson, F H Richardson, Wm Ricker, Rob't Ricketts, Fred Riley, Thos Roberts, Thos Robertson, R W Robinson, J E Redgers, Louis Rodgers, Louis Ross, Edward Roten, James Rubino, Frank Russ, J E Heitzler, H Heitzler, Herman Henderson, Isalah Hensler, H Herman, Geo Hertz, M Ryan, J M St John, Wm Santo, Samfare Schoenberger, M Schwab, Charles Hertz, M Hewes, Jas Hickman, C T Hicks, John T Higgens, L D Hines, Lewis Hinson, Wm Hite, Clarence Hollis, Porter Schwab, Charles Scott, Harlan Scott, J W Scott, Willie (2) Seigler, Earnest Shaffer, Henry Shea, Jos E Shear, Jacob Shepiley, Nathan House, S N Houser, R L Howard, Rila Howard, Samuel Shepley, Nathan (2) Sheridan, T P Sherr, J Sidell, Asherton Howard, Samuel Howard, E E Hunt, E E Hurt, Fremond Jackson, Charley Lockson, D Sidell, Asherton Simmons, Chas P Simmons, Wm H Simons, Louis Simons, Will Sinclair, J A Jackson, Charley
Jackson, D
Jeffras, Nathaniel
Jeffras, Hinie
Jenkins, W D
Johnson, Alexander
Johnson, Edie
Johnson, Geo (3)
Johnson, Miles
Johnson, M W
Jones, G M
Jones, G M
Jones, Homer A
Jones, Johnson &
Kabn Bros Smith, A R (2) Smith, B D Smith, D A Smith, E E Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith, Jas Smith, Jim Smith, John D Smith, J P Smith, M Smith, Morris Smith, Peter (2) Smith, Samuel Smith, Theo Smith, W I Kahn Bros Kavanaugh, Geo J Keech, Lew Keifer, John W Keifer, John W
Kimp, Joe
Kennedy, J W
Kerney, Geo M
Kiernan, Patrick
Kilgore, Wilson (2)
King, Frank
Klowans, B
Kneisson, G A
Knott, F P
Kranskoop, Daniel Smithers, Bernard Smythe, J Henry Smythe, J Henry Suuggs, Wertly Solomon, A J Sommers, J P Speeden, A Spikloser, Louis Spuck, Chas Spriggs, Jas Starey, Jack Starr, D Judson Stener, J D Stephens, C Stoffner, J B Storfner, J B Storfner, M M Stumpner, Howard Sullivan, John F Knott. F P Kranskopp, Daniel Kriel, Wm Kunkle, Harry E Kucson, Frank P Lambie, Geo Lamdren, Frank Langdon, Jos E Lanton, H P Lee, Ed Sullivan, John F Super, Edwin P (3) Lee, Ed
Lee, Robt
Lehew, C W
Leonard, T L
Leonard, Joe
Lewis, Geo
Leggett, Charley
Lindsley, F C
Liovet, Salvador Vilelia Susson. Cha-Sweeney, Albert E Taylor, Chas S Taylor, John Taylor, Willie Taylor, W W Thomas, Frank Thomas, Frank
Thompson, Jas W
Thorne, I S
Thornton, John
Thornton, Walter
Tingley, Walter G
Tooly, L B
Towle, John
Travis, W E
Trent, S F Liovet, Salvador Vile Lockely, Marshall Long, Rob't Lorenzen, Ernest G Loving, Shields (2) Lucky, James Ludgate, J Harvard Lynn, Willard McDonald, Frank A McDonald, H Huga McEowen, J R McEdwen, J R McGahan, Jas McGaler, P B McHugh, Joseph an, Mrs Frank Trent. S F
Tucker, Frank A
Tumer, Jas L
Tyler, T R
Underwood & Underwood Streets, Mrs Martha Stuchell, Miss Sallie J Urefulo, Angalo Van Etten, M A Vincingo, Sacatino Von Rosen, R Wallige, Arthur Washington, Goo McHugh, Joseph Sutton, Miss Isra Bailey Sutton, Miss Irva Bailey Swarts, Mrs Dora Sydnor, Miss Virginia Tabb, Mrs Phil Talmadge, Miss Maude Tanner, Miss Julia Tarlor, Berter McHugh, Joseph McKee Jas McKensy, John McKinney, Jas McLean, Peter A McLead, Luther McMillan, Arthir McNew, A W Washington, Geo Washington, Geo E Watson, A J Tanner, Miss Julia
Tarlor, Berter
Thomas, Mrs Eulalia
Thomas, Mrs Hennie
Thomas, Miss Ida M
Thomas, Miss Idilian
Thomas, Miss Marie
Thomas, Miss Mildred
Thomo, Miss Katharine
Thompson, Mrs Edward
Thiffansy, Miss Sallie
Tillman, Mrs Sussn
Tillman, Mrs Sussn
Tillman, Mrs Amelia McNellian, Arthu McNelli, R H McShara, John S MacDowell, T C Mackey, Edw Mackey, John Mackey, John S Watts, Harry G Waugh, Jas H Wauser, Walter Weaver, B T Weaver, Chas Weaver, Thos Wechselberger Wedlr, B T MacLween, A B
Magee, J E
Magee, Julius R
Mallory, J J
Maloney, John
Mangeliuzzo, Ginseppi
Mane Weidenbach, H Werkheiser, Wm Hall Werley, C J Wharton, W R Wheeler, Louis White, Wm Wiegner, F Wilbur & Co Will, F W Mangeliuzzo, G. Mann, J B. Markham, T B. Martin, Chas. Martin, F J. Mason, R H. Matheny, R J. Maus, Harry Albert Williams, Jos Williams, Timotoy Mauser, Albert
May, Edward L
May, Herbert
Long, Dennie
May, S
Mayo, T D
Meetley, John
Meigs, D R
Modify, These Williams, Wm G Williams, Wm G Willis, Harry Wilson, Frank Wilson, S J Wilson, S J Wineberger, E F Winston, Wm Wilhen, Geo Withers, A W Wolf, H (2) Wilford, F L Wood, Edward S Wyatt, Cupid H Zeni, Narciso Merritt, Thos Mickle, Wm E

MISCELLANEOUS. Eelin Oil Co
Golding Electrical Co (2) Star Mfg Co
Guardian Angel Remedy Structural Iron Co
Co
Thaler Keyboard Co
Jackson Hamboer Co
U S A Information Bu-

w R Hearst Examiner National Agency FOREIGN Bevan, T
Brooks, Burton
Busch, Emil
Chisholm, W R
Clark, James
Clark, Lizzle
Donovan, Jerry
De Amerio, Vinder
Delenze, T
Dendinger, Ferdinand
De Vita, Antonio
Grassi, Salvatore Keating, Miss Nellie Locket, Benjamin Mannesmann, Zuern Michele, Cocciardi Se bastino fu Micheles, Mineo Mordock, Wm O'Donnell, Della Post, Geo E Mrs Richardson, W Grassi, Salvatore Daustine, Vineeny Giceguelais, Jean Hamill, Patrick Hindmarsh, Dean F Hoffmann, Geo W Schener, Arthur Schminke, Miss Minnie Sebastino, Angelo Steeger, Miss Godrielle Thoral, J J Toung, T Vasari, Glorgio

Holmes, Frank Ivan, Tomina Jackson, Arthur C Jarvis, Noel Koppel, Mrs D M Vincenges, Macri Warren, J L White, Miss Mary E Wilson, Mrs C E NER LIST. Nilssan, K O Scott, John E

Allen, Louis H
Crooks, H G (2)
Dougherty, Joe
Forbes, Alexander
Hales, Fred
Higgin, Walter
Maxhane, Miss Dulce
Nilssan, Iskar Smith, Garfield Spedden, Daniel B Spragg, W B (5) Thomas, Charle Waters, Frank Purchasing Power of \$2.50 in 1401.

From the Westminster Gazette. The wonderful change that has taken place in the purchasing power of money is illustrated by a case cited in an article

"July, 1401-John Parker, sr., surrendered to his son John and said son's wife, Cristina, his messuage and quarter-virgate of copyhold, conditionally, that they shall keep John (senior) in food and clothes (both linen and wool) well and sufficiently for the rest of his life, or else, at John's (senior)option, pay him ten shillings a year." Ten shillings as a fair equivalent for a whole year's liberal board, lodging, cloth-

The spoiled twin (to his mother)-"I think you might have given the Noah's Ark to me instead of to Lydia."

"Why, what a selfish little boy! Sister hasn't nearly the number of birthday presents you have. Aren't you sorry she hasn't as many as you?"

"Yes—but I like to be sorry!"—Life.

on the Manor of Great Waltham in the Essex Review for July:

ing and washing is noteworthy.

di Antonio Lipari, Pietro Dickson, E V Diggie, Wm A Dillon, Theo Harwood Dings, Luisa Dizon, Frank Donell, J B

wise he unpromising can now be made profitable and new leases of life be brought to sections long threatened with atrophy Diet for Consumptives.

From Everybody's Magazine. You have to eat at a sanatorium for consumptives, hungry or not. There are no big gorges to overwork the stomach, but there are six meals a day of moderate size. Some patients can eat full meals and then swallow thirty-six raw eggs a day. The aim of the treatment in these sanatoria is to get the sick man to drink three quarts of milk and eat a dozen raw eggs a day in addition to his regular meals of simple

And you must eat meat and plenty of it. On't cut the fat off. The cow got most of the good out of the lean in her lifetime. The fat is what will do you good. All that there is to cod liver oil that makes it worth while is that it is a fat easy to assimilate. Bacon fat is nearly as easy to digest and about 500 times as easy to digest and about 500 times as easy to take. Fruits and salads you may eat, merely to amuse yourself and pass the time. But you are wasting stomach room on them. Milk, eggs, meat and hard breads for you if you are to get well. 'Not a great deal at a time, but often.

Blind Angler and Organist. From the New York Globe.

There are blind walkers, blind players, blind musicians and now comes a story of a blind angler. A resident of the Potteries, channels.

Presently they were interrupted by the appearance of the page boy, with a note addressed to Godfrey, who, finding that he was wanted in a critical case, withdrew, leaving Beatrice to entertain the guest.

"I am afraid, Mr. Breakspear," she said, Mr. Breakspear, she said of mere our household is a quiet one and Ormsby offers little in the shape of entertainment. Our only show-places are the little scene with St. Stephens for a back. Anglia, has been fishing in the company of white or red "vin ordinairs" at cents, and the wine (there is a "carafon" of white or red "vin ordinairs" at cents and you will save all the wine (there is a "carafon" of white or red "vin ordinairs" at cents, and you will save all the wine (there is a "carafon" of white or red "vin ordinairs" at cents, and you will save all the wine (there is a "carafon" of white or red "vin ordinairs" at cents, and you will save all the wine (there is a "carafon" of white or red "vin ordinairs" at cents, and you will save along the wine of an expert angler who is absolutely blind.

"It is," says this Staffordshire angler, "simply marvelous how this blind man can find his way along the waterside, select his swims, adjust his tackle, put a bait on the hook, cast out and tell when he has the slightest nibble." The blind angler is also of the organ at the parish church.

Though evidently disinclined to pursue of the page boy, with a note addressed to Godfrey, who, finding that he next moment had vanished they may as to the grapes and the wine (there is a "carafon" of white or red "vin ordinairs" at 4 cents, and you will save along the will or and you will save along the wine of the page boy, with an ote of white or red "vin ordinairs" at 4 cents, and you will save along the wine of the page and the wine (there is a "carafon" of white or red "vin ordinairs" at 4 cents, and you will save along the will or the page and the wine (there is a "carafon" of white or red "vin ordinairs" at cents.

No "fixed-price" place in Faris will give anything blow anyth who has been spending his holidays in East